Davis.

ADAMS 235.4 v.4

THE

WORK

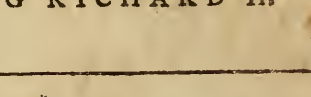
OF

Mr. *William Shakeſpear.*

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The WINTER's TALE.
KING LEAR.
KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.



LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVIII.

Capt John Minot

His Book

ADAMS 235.7
v. 4

THE

WINTER'S

TALE.

Dramatis Personæ.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bithynia.
Mamillus, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bithynia.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomines,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Other Sicilian *Lords.*
Archidamus, *a Lord of* Bithynia.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Autolicus, *a Roguish Pedlar.*
A Mariner.
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.

Scene, *partly in* Sicilia, *and partly in* Bithynia.

The plot taken from the old story-book of Dorastus *and* Faunia.

N. B. The Country here call'd *Bithynia* hath in all former Editions been printed *Bohemia* an inland kingdom situated nearly in the center of *Europe*, whereas many of the great incidents of the Play turn upon its being a maritime country of which *Polixenes* was the King. This is a blunder and an absurdity of which *Shakespear* in justice ought not to be thought capable; and as he hath turn'd quite anew the story contain'd in the old paltry book of *Dorastus* and *Faunia*, changing most of the main circumstances and all the names of the Persons; it is probable he removed this impropriety and placed the scene in *Bithynia*, which the ignorance and negligence of the first Transcribers or Printers might corrupt and bring back again to *Bohemia* by a less variation in the letters than they have been guilty of in numberless other places of this Work.

THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Palace. *Enter* Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bithynia*, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bithynia* and our *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bithynia* the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for indeed——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Arch. Verily I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay—we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bithynia*;

they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed winds. The heav'ns continue their love!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child, one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter* Leontes, Hermione, Mamillus, Polixenes, Camillo, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen; time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence: there may blow
Some sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too early: besides, I have stay'd

To

To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you!
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th'world
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother!

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are ſure
All in *Bithynia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To* Polixones.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bithynia*
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commiſſion
To let him there a month, behind the geſte
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, *Leontes*;
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily
You shall not go; a Lady's *verily* is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easie to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my Lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my Lord the verier wag o'th'two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *not guilty*; th' imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Oh! Grace to boot!

Of

Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th'offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer,
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.

Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to th'goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy ſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. This is grace indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.

Leo. Too hot—— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—my heart dances,
But not for joy—not joy—this entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty's fertile boſom;

And well become the Agent ; 't may, I grant ;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles
As in a looking-glass—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'th' deer ; * oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows—*Mamillus*,
Art thou my boy ?

Mam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. I'fecks !
Why, that's my bawcock ; what, has't smutch'd thy nose ?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain ;
[*Wipes the boy's face.*
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm—how now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me. Yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing ; but were they false,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, † as winds, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true,
To say this boy is like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.
Most dear'st, my collop—can thy dam ? may't be ?
Imagination ! thou dost stab to th' center.
Thou dost make possible, things not to be so held,
Communicat'st with dreams, (how can this be ?)
With what's unreal, thou coactive art !
And fellow'st nothings. Then 'tis very credent
Thou may'st co-join with something, and thou dost,
And that beyond commission ; and I find it,

* A lesson upon the horn at *the death of the deer.*

† A *black dye* being used in too great quantity doth not only make the cloth to rot upon which it is put, but the colour it self to fade and grow rusty much the sooner.

And

And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows,
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
What cheer? how is it with you, my best brother?
Her. You seem to hold a brow of much distraction.
Are you not mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness! and make it self a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman! Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?
Mam. No, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day short as *December*,
And with his varying childishness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.
Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' th' garden; shall's attend you there;

Leo.

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exe.* Polix. Her. *and Attendants.* *Manent* Leo.
Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing huſband. Gone already!
Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.
Go play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th'arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; * many a thouſand of's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay.
Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? is *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good Lord.
Leo. Go play, *Mamillus*—thou'rt an honeſt man,
[*Exit* Mamillus.

SCENE III.

Camillo; this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make the anchor hold;

* ---- predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it.
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many, &c.

When

When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?

They're here with me already; whiſp'ring round, } *Aſide.*
Sicilia is a—ſo forth; 'tis far gone, }
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes
Perchance are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bithynia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha? ſtays here longer. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfie?—
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things neareſt my heart, with all
My chamber-councels, wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord!

Leo. To bide upon't—thou art not honeſt, or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward,
Which hockles honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd; or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,

And

And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: in your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if injuriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But 'beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you ſeen, *Camillo*,
(But that's paſt doubt; you have, or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think't)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thoughts) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this, which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?

Kiſſing

Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, *Bithynia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have theſe nothings
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bithynia*; who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bear eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts; they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip, who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,

Like

Like a malicious poiſon: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable,
So lov'd.

Leo. Make that thy queſtion, and go rot:
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint my ſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, and thorns, nettles, and tails of waſps:
Give ſcandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe, you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bithynia* for't:
Provided that when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'l give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with *Bithynia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable Lady! but for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter, one,
Who in rebellion with himſelf, will have

All

All that are his, so too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy it self forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes *Bithynia*.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, *Camillo!*

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare, my Lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know. [not

Pol. How, dare not? dare not? you do know, and dare
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts:
For to your self, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none ſo : *Camillo,*
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whoſe * ſucceſs we are gentle) I beſeech you,
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo,*
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counſel,
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo.*

Cam. I am appointed, Sir, to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,

* *Succeſs* here is to be underſtood in the ſame ſenſe as *Succeſſion*.

Nay,

Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake
The fabrick of his folly, whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty
That lyes incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs,
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For my ſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by't; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth,
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealouſie
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend! Heav'n comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theam, but nothing

Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, *and Ladies.*

Her. TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why ſo, pray, my Lord?
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Like a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe days, and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her!
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us.
And tell's a tale.

Mam.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad tale's beſt
For winter. I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let us have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt,
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man——
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give it me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
On even to their ſhips.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge! how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! there may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which hath prevailed oftentimes no leſs
Than ſo on your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelf
With that ſhe's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. I'd but ſay he had not;
And I'll be ſworn you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech, and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha, theſe petty brands
That calumny doth uſe, oh, I am out.
That mercy doth, (for calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf) theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adult'reſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the Prince and beggar. I have ſaid
She's an adult'reſs, I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is

A federary with her, one that knows
What she should be asham'd to know herself,
But with her most vile principal; that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
The vulgar give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I do mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty
In that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With aspect of more favour. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highness,
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come, you've leave.

Leo.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Ex. Queen guarded, and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your ſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my Lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t' accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I' th' eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean
In this which you accuſe her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtable-ſtand * where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord!

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abuſed by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damm him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; th' eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,

* *Stable ſtand* (*ſtabilis ſtatio* as *Spelman* interprets it) is a term of the Foreſt-Laws, and ſignifies a place where a Deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand under ſome convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing Deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation with a gun or bow in his hand was preſumed to be an offender and had the name of a *Stable-ſtand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *ſtables*, and it may perhaps be objected that another ſyllable added, ſpoils the ſmoothneſs of the verſe. But by pronouncing *ſtable* ſhort the meaſure will very well bear it according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which *Shakeſpear* never ſcruples to uſe.

And

And I had rather glib my self, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
[*Laying hold of his arm.*
The inſtruments I feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have your honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you for this? not rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, are all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation *
But only ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere Moſt

* The word *approbation* here ſignifies, *proof.*

Moſt piteous to be wild) I've diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop or ſpur me on. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick; for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it, [*Aſide.*
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A* Priſon.

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman, with other Attendants.*

Pau. The keeper of the priſon, call to him: [*Exit Gent.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, Madam;
To th' contrary I have expreſs commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do
To lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Goa. If it ſo pleaſe you, Madam,
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I

Shall

Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now, call her:
Withdraw your ſelves. [*To her Attendants who go out.*

Goa. And, Madam, I muſt be
Preſent at all your conference.

Pau. Well, well;
Be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch a-do to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fairs our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender Lady hath born greater,
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; ſays, my poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dang'rous, unſafe lunes i'th' King, beſhrew them!
He muſt be told of it, and ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there's no Lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently

Ac-

Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to-day hammer'd on this deſign,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.
Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.
Goa. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do believe it.
Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt; it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th' cauſe
She, the adult'reſs; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.
Leo. How does the boy?
Atten. He took good reſt
To-night, 'tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,

He

He ſtraight declin'd, and droop'd, took it moſt deeply,
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
See how he fares.——Fie, fie, no thought of him;
[*Ex. Attend.*
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoils upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him
Be 'till a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me, make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe within my power.

SCENE V. *Enter* Paulina *with a child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Pau. Not ſo hot, good Sir,
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings, ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
Honeſt as either, to purge him of that humour
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leo. What noiſe there, ho?

Pau. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me.
I knew ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,

She ſhould not viſit you.

Leo. What? canſt not rule her?

Pau. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour,) truſt me,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Pau. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.

Leo. Good Queen?

Pau. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord I'll off,
But firſt I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis: commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child*

Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt,

Leo. Traytors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard. [*To Ant.*
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,

Take't

Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.
Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Pau. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A nest of traytors!
Ant. I am none by this good light.
Pau. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Pau. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valleys,
The dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't! lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leo. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your ſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Pau. A moſt unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to all the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her!

Pau. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traytor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize
Thy life, with all that's thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard-brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'd'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir:

The

The Lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
Lord. We can, my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You're liars all.
Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees
We beg (as recompence of our dear ſervice
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——
Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither. You, Sir, come you hither; [*To* Ant.
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; what's poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my Lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſee'ſt thou; for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave i
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune

It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it to ſome ſtranger place,
Where chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing
Againſt this cruelty fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs! [*Exit with the Child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour ſince *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court,

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords,
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open tryal. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Part of Sicily.

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

Cleo. THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the ſoil, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion.

Dion. I shall report,
For most they caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice;
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, so surpris'd my sense
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o'th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so!)
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy;
The use is worth the time on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business, when the Oracle
Thus by *Apollo*'s great Divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses.
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Court of Justice.*

Leontes, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.*

Leo. This session, to our great grief, we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his Highness' pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in Court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in guarded*; Paulina *and Ladies.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in*

in committing adultery with Polixenes *King of* Bithynia, *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our sovereign Lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falshood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my Lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant have
I strain'd t'appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet

That

That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did
Than to perform it firſt.
Her. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than I'm miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as your ſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.
Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: as you are paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are) ſo you're paſt all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avails:
For as thy brat's caſt out, like to it ſelf,
No father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice, in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my ſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limbs. And now, my Liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw, but for mine honour
Which I would free; if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, all proofs ſleeping elſe
But what your jealouſies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III. *Enter* Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Prieſt; and that ſince then

You

You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaste,* Polixenes *blameless,* Camillo *a true Subject,* Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Offi. Ay, my Lord, even so as here set down.

Leo. There's no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The session shall proceed; this is meer falshood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King!

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there? [Her. *faints.*

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and Ladies with* Hermione.

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo,* pardon
My great prophaneness 'gainst thine Oracle,
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes.*
New woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo,*
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison

My

My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gues
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V. *Enter* Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!
O cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. Alas! What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling? burning
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, Oh! think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
That did but shew thee of a soul inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the youg Prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire

Blemish'd

Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer; but the last, O Lords,
When I have said, cry woe! the Queen, the Queen,
The sweetest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy vows can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldness of your speech.

Pau. I'm sorry for't.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again——
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon,
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chappel where they lye, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. Long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come and lead me
To theſe my ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bithynia. *A deſart Country; the Sea at a little diſtance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of *Bithynia?*

Mar. Ay, and fear
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call on thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow.

So

So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bithynia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I pr'ythee call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lye, and there thy character: there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty one,
And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heav'ns so dim by day. A savage clamour,
Well may I get aboard! this is the chace,
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a bear.*

SCENE VII. *Enter an old Shepherd.*

Shep. I would there were no age between thirteen and

three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting—hark you now—would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which I fear the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, ſure ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; but I am not to ſay it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot truſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it rakes up the ſhore; but that's not to the point; oh the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then the land-ſight, to ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the ſea, or the weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo.

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the nobleman.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; but there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secresie. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten; they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Time *as Chorus.*

Time. I That please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'er-throw law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs, and give my ſcene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bithynia*, and remember well,
There is a ſon o' th' King's, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wondring. What of her enſues
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th'argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Court of* Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is ſixteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'er-ween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have

have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendship. Of that fatal country *Sicilia* pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (musingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasie to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Country.* *Enter* Autolicus *singing.*

When daffadils begin to peere,
With hey the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' th'year:
For the red blood reigns o'er the Winter's pale.

The

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.
The lark that tirra lyra chaunts,
With hey, with hey the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffic is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab I purchas'd this caparíſon, * and my revenue is the ſly cheat. Gallows and knocks are too powerful on the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee, every eleventh weather tods, every tod yields a pound and one odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wooll to?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers; † three-man ſong-

* Meaning the poor ragged cloaths he had on.

† Meaning thoſe who ſing Catches which are generally in three parts.

men

men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace—dates—none—that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'th' ſun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' th' name of me—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags, and then death, death—

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathſomneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul!

Aut. Oh good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir: no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with troll-madams: I knew him once a ſervant of the Prince; I

cannot

cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compast a motion * of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bithynia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewel, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, † and my name put into the book of virtue.

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hend the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

* A *Motion* is a Word for a *Puppet shew.*

† Alluding to the societies into which the notorious cheats and gipsies unroll themselves.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The old Shepherd's Houſe.*
Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt Goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom; I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired, ſwoon, I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh the fates,
How would he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte; ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts

Burn

Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' pow'r o'th' King.
One of these two necessities must be,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts I pr'ythee darken not
The mirth o' th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentlest!
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *Servants*; *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address your self to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' th' table, now i'th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the things she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self

That

That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. Sirs, you're welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it self is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put

The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! early daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; gold oxslips, and
The crown-imperial: lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lye and play on;
Not like a Coarse; or if, not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,

I'd

I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th'sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill in fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sord; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry, garlick
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners, come strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. I pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it

Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse
Which loves the other best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of dil-do's, and fading's: jump her and thump her: and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop! do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop! do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bithynia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why, he sings 'em over as they were Gods or Goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel,

angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Cla. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlars that have more in them than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a Lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry: come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopſa*, thou ſhould'ſt take no mony of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they ſhould bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well they are whiſpering: charm your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome, I love a ballad in print, or a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. 'Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one Miſtreſs *Taleporter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *Two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a-go.

Aut. I can bear my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either, thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither!*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be.*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the firſt choice: follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown,* Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Maſter, there are three goat-herds, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds that have made themſelves all men of hair, they call themſelves ſaltiers,

tiers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallymaufry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o' th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary, those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Flo. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

Here a Dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Intepretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me, art pack't and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial Monarch
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown! you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his ſon a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable,
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lyes he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeed
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: reaſon my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife, but as good reaſon
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee let him.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir, [*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry that by hanging thee I can
But ſhorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with———

Shep. Oh my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made

More

More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Leſs than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the Court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman, yea, him too
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Will't pleaſe you, Sir, be gone? [*To* Flo.
I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: from this my dream
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [*To* Flo.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. Oh curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
Thou knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!

If

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was I am;
More straining on for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!——Lift up thy looks.——
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am? and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses better pleas'd with madness
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bithynia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereout glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,

As

As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let my self and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*.
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see. [*Aside.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my Lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration; on mine honour,

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'ns forfend) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I will strive
To qualifie and bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Towards what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there present your self, and your fair Princess
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,

Thing

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another
Nothing so certain as your anchors, which
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'th' rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*———
But oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house; how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bithynia*'s son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*———

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes

Do all lye there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.
[*They talk aside.*

SCENE X. *Enter* Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Camillo, Florizel, *and* Perdita *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*—

Cam. Shall satisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging.

Cam.

Cam. How now, good fellow, come, why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Fear not, man, here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill:
Here's no body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth on his ſide be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? I ſmell the trick on't. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye!) you muſt retire your ſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Diſmantle you, and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the play ſo lyes
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy ——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat: come, Lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea-side.

[*Exe.* Flo. *and* Per.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I understand the business, I heard it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go a whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's

ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.* How now, ruſtiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie, but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel, therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your ſelf with the manour.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the Court in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the Court? receives not thy noſe Court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, Court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*: and one that will either puſh on, or puſh back thy buſineſs there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

* Meaning his falſe beard.

Shep.

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germain to him, tho' removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut.

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember *ſton'd and flay'd alive.*

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know 'tis none of your daughter nor my ſiſter, we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd, and remain, as he ſays, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you; walk before toward the ſea-ſide, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good: which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have porform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs. At the laſt
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive your ſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did my ſelf; which was ſo much
That heir-leſs it hath my Kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my Lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman, ſhe you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter

Upon

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Pau. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not,
You pity not he ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers (by his Highneſs' fail of iſſue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen. This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone; beſides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not have an heir
'Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel
My Lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for iſſue; [*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Ah! good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour; O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,

Have

Have taken treasure from her lips!
Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse
And better us'd would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps, and on this stage,
(Where we offended anew) appear soul-vext,
And begin, why to me?
Pau. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Pau. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.
Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, *Paulina*, so be blest'd my spirit!
Pau. Then, good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray have done.
Pau. Yet if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bidd'st us.

Pau.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never 'till then.

SCENE II. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. One that gives himself out Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His Princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy graces
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so, that your writing now
Is colder on that theme; *she had not been*
Nor was she to be equall'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you've seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of whom she but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleomines.
Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.
Leo. Pr'ythee no more; thou know'ſt
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*
Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
And your fair Princeſs: Goddeſs, oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.
Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend,
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the ſcepters
And thoſe that bear them living.
Leo. Oh my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir

Afreſh

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir, from thence, from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd *his*, parting with her; thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your Highness; my best train
I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
Who for *Bithynia* bend, to signifie
Not only my success in *Lybia*, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we happily are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

SCENE IV. *Enter a Lord.*

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bithynia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,

His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bithynia?* speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your Court
Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming Lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bithynia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father!
The heav'n, which sets spies on us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in birth as beauty,

Tha

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune* visible, an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'er-thrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter* Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, me-thought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as if they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing,

could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow? but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the Oracle is fulfil'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bithynia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to draw it.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much, to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo lock'd her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter, 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas*, I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himſelf eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape. He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all

all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had not I the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI. *Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; [*To* Autolicus.] you denied to fight with me the other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bithynia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Paulina's *Houſe*.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,

We

We honour you with trouble, but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Pau. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[Pau. *draws a curtain, and discovers* Her. *standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder; but yet speak, first you, my Liege,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of Majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? oh royal piece!
There's magick in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear Queen! that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Pau. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Pau. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have shew'd you it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon, it move.
Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? see, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Pau. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.
Leo. O sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Pau.

Pau. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Pau. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.

Pau. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith; then all stand still:
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Pau. Musick; awake her: strike; [*Musick.*
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look on you with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive she stirs,
[Her. *comes down.*
Start not, her actions shall be holy, as

You

You hear my ſpell is lawful; do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill here double. Nay, preſent your hand;
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead.

Pau. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing; turn, good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found. [*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Her.

Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's Court? for thou ſhalt hear that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Pau. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.

Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,

But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons, [*To* Her.
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion: this your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King, from heav'n's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF KING *LEAR.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of FRANCE.
Duke of BURGUNDY.
Duke of CORNWALL.
Duke of ALBANY.
Earl of GLO'STER.
Earl of KENT.
EDGAR, *Son to* Glo'ster.
EDMUND, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ster.
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
DOCTOR.
FOOL.
OSWALD, *Steward to* Gonerill.
An old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.
Two Gentlemen, Servants to Glo'ster.

GONERILL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lyes in* Britain.

KING

KING *LEAR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

Kent. I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome years elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came ſomewhat ſawcily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledg'd. Do you know this nobleman, *Edmund?*

Baſt. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*;
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.
Baſt. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.
Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.
Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.
Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again.
The King is coming

SCENE II. *To them, Enter King* Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*.
Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*
Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the map here. Know, we have divided
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſev'ral Dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,
Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, and cares of ſtate;
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.
Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.
Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do? love and be ſilent? [*Aſide.*
Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,

With

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albany*'s issue
Be this perpetual—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall?* speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
My self an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious spirit of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia!* [*Aside.*
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on *Goneril.*—Now our joy,
Although our last, not least; in whose young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be interess'd: what say you to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord.
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? hap'ly when I shall wed,
That Lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure

Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all——
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter,
Kent. Good my Liege——
Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight!— [*To Cor.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*——*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dowres, digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King;
The sway, revenue, execution,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm
This Coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal *Lear*,

Whom

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs———
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight!
Kent. See better, *Lear,* and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*——
Kent. Now by *Apollo,* King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vain.
Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!——
[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou doſt evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power,
Which not our nature nor our place can bear;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,

And

And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter!*
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To* Cor.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve!
[*To* Gon. *and* Regan.
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter* Glo'ster, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least
Will you require in present dowre with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us we held her so,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir.
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,

I,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King, [*To* France.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure th' offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
As monsters it; or your fore-vouch't affection
Could not fall into taint; which to believe
Of her must be a faith reason without
A miracle should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty, (if so
I want that glib and oily art, to speak
And purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But ev'n the want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say will you have her?
She is her self a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,

And

And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand.
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing——I've sworn.
Bur. I'm sorry then you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor
Most choice, forsaken! and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowreless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, though unkind;
Thou lost here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, *France*, let her be thine, for w
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come, noble *Burgundy*.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* Lear *and* Burgundy

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewel to your sisters.
Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And like a sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father;
To your professing bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.
Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.
Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you

A

At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worthy to want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*.

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

SCENE V.

Gon. Sifter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *Burgundy* and him; pray you, let us ſit together: if our father carry authority, with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Baſtard *with a letter.*

Baſt. Thou, *Nature*, art my Goddeſs, to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand to the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The courteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhines

Lag of a brother? * and why *baſtard? baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then, good brother,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land,
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate; fine word—*legitimate*——
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall toe † th' legitimate: I grow, I proſper;
Now, God, ſtand up for baſtards!

SCENE VII. *To him, Enter* Glo'ſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r,
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!——*Edmund*, how now? what news?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none. [*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Baſt. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch

* *Edmund* is here inveighing againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, of which he produces two diſtinct inſtances, one with reſpect to younger brothers, the other with reſpect to baſtards. In the former he muſt not be underſtood to mean himſelf though he ſpeaks in the firſt perſon, but according to a common mode of ſpeech to ſuppoſe the caſe his own, and as in his own perſon to exclaim againſt the unreaſonableneſs and injuſtice of the thing: the argument thus becomes general, implying more than is ſaid, namely, *wherefore ſhould I, or any man*, &c.

† As *the treading upon another's heels* is an expreſſion uſed to ſignify the being not far behind him; ſo to *toe* another means to come up to and be upon even ground with him.

need

77622 Adams 235.7

need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. *reads.*] *This policy in reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother.* Edgar. ——Hum——Conspiracy!——sleep 'till I wake him——you should enjoy half his revenue——My son *Edgar!* had he a hand to write this! a heart and a brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Bast. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Bast. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft main-

worſe than brutiſh! Go, Sirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter. *Edmund*, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently, convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; though the wiſdom of mankind can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, Honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world; that when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon

moon and ſtars; as if we were villains on neceſſity, fools by heavenly compulſion, knaves, thieves, and treacherous by ſpherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter Man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*, ſo that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

SCENE IX. *To him, Enter* Edgar.

Baſt. Pat! — he comes like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* — O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, me —— [*Humming.*

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Baſt. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethink your ſelf wherein you have offended him: and at my intreaty forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that without the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my fear; I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will

fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak: pray you go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Baſt. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Baſt. I ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *The Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *and Steward.*

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him, ſay I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what wary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you:
What grows of it no matter, and adviſe
Your fellows ſo: I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter
To hold my courſe. Go and prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XII. *An open place near the Palace.*

Enter Kent *disguis'd.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow
And can my speech diffuse, * my good intent
May carry thro' it self to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Banish'd *Kent*,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lov'st
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise, to say little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly:

* To *diffuse* here signifies to *disorder*, to *put out of a regular course*. It is used in the same sense in other places in this Author; *diffused attire*, *diffused sounds*,

that

that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in, and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee. Yet no dinner ho? dinner —— where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you —— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool? ho? —— I think the world's aſleep; how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O you, Sir, come you hither, Sir, who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave, you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you cur!

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player?

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to; have you wiſdom? ſo.

[*Puſhes out the Steward.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

SCENE XIII. *To them, Enter Fool.*

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt:
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. * [*To* Kent.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; Lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool my ſelf,

* ---- believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one!

Lear. No, lad: teach me.

Fool. That Lord that counſel'd thee to give away thy Land,
Come place him here by me, or do thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter fool will preſently appear,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call, &c. they'll

they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou clovest thy crown i'th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools ne'er had less grase in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish. [rah?

Lear. Since when were you wont to be so full of songs, Sir-

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o' th' parings.

SCENE XIV. *To them, Enter* Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing—yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, [*To* Gonerill.] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.
That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licenc'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots, Sir.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault,
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which in the tender of a wholſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear:*
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied — Ha! waking — 'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am? *
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? ——

* ---- who I am.
Fool. Lear's ſhadow.
Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman? ---

Gon.

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
You, as you're old and rev'rend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and 'Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. Shame it ſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together——
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

SCENE XV. *To them, Enter* Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—oh, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.— [*To* Alb.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.

Alb. Pray you, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew!
Which like an engine wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear!*

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord——
Hear, Nature, hear, dear Goddeſs, hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of what,
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
As dotage gives it.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus,
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them—blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep her once again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you with the waters that you loſe
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who I am ſure is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolviſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,

That

22 Adams 235.7

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear. *and Attendants.*

SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb, I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill,*
To the great love I bear you ——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oswald,* ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear,* nuncle *Lear,* tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This, man! hath had good counsel,—a hundred Knights!
Is't politick and safe to let him keep
A hundred Knights? yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald,* I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;——

Gon. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th' unfitness——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oswald?*
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, away to horse,
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add such reasons of your own

Though I condemn it not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmless mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then ——

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i'th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool.

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed; thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!—monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.
How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

Enter Bastard *and* Curan, *severally.*

Bast. SAve thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutchess, will be here with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Bast. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany?*

Bast. Not a word.

Cur. You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Bast. The Duke be here to-night! the better! best!
This weaves it self perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy question

Which I must act; briefness, and fortune work!
Brother, a word: descend, brother, I say.
To him, Enter Edgar.
My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, in haste,
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany?* *
Advise your self.
Edg. I'm sure on't, not a word.
Bast. I hear my father coming. Pardon me—
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you—
Draw, seem to defend your self.
Now quit you well—
Yield—come before my father—light hoa, here,—
Fly, brother—Torches!—so, farewel—— [*Ex.* Edg.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!
Stop, stop, no help?——

SCENE III.

To him, Enter Glo'ster, *and Servants with torches.*
Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?
Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress.
Glo. But where is he?
Bast. Look, Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*
Bast. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—
Glo. Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what?—
Bast. Persuade me to the murther of your Lordship;
But that I told him the revenging Gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,

* Meaning, upon the party engaged by him against the Duke of *Albany*,

Seeing

Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rouz'd to th' encounter;
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught:
And for diſpatch the noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard, do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Would make thy words faith'd? no, what I'd deny,
(As this I would, although thou did'ſt produce
My very character) would turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter, ſaid he? hark!
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes—
All ports I'll bar, the villain ſhall not 'ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land
(Loyal and natural boy) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar?* He?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended on my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No marvel then, tho' he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.

Baſt. It's my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, *Edmund,*
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you

Thus

Thus out of ſeaſon thredding dark-ey'd night.

Reg. Occaſions, noble *Glo'ſter*, of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice——
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom, and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam;
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Kent, *and Steward, ſeverally.*

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend; art of this houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'ſt me tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipſbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou to deny thou knoweſt me! is it two days ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night,

night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you; you whoreson, cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks——draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help!——

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat-slave, strike! [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murther! murther!——

SCENE VI.

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, *and Servants.*

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that strikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal, nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, Sir? a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak you, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail!—

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn.

Corn. Why art thou angry?
Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues
Like rats oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intrinſick t'unlooſe: ſooth ev'ry paſſion
That in the nature of their Lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.*
Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.
Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulders that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.
Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he;
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilky ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,

* In the parts of *Somerſetſhire* near *Camelot* there are many large Moors upon which great numbers of Geeſe are bred, ſo that many other places in *England* are from thence ſupplied with quills and feathers.

Whoſe

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus*' front——

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; but he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:
It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd,
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their foil.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of. Bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;
His fault is much, and the good King his master

Will

Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as baseſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with. The King muſt take it ill
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
To have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it yet much worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted
For following her affairs. Put in his legs——

[Kent *is put in the Stocks.*

Come, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.

SCENE VI.

Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun. * All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night, ſmile once more, turn thy wheel!

[*He ſleeps.*

* *An old proverbial ſaying applied to thoſe who are turn'd out of houſe and home, deprived of all the comforts of life excepting the common benefits of the Air and Sun.*

---- warm ſun.
Approach thou beacon to this under globe, [*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary, &c.

SCENE VII.

SCENE changes to a part of a Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I've heard my self proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape
I will preserve my self: and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, else all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and president
Of bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlurù!* poor *Tom!*
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ster's *Castle.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so departt from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master.

Lear. Ha, mak'st thou shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

Lear.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. But I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murther,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Goneril* his mistress salutation;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission
Which presently they read: on those contents
They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highness,
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours * from thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence
But what you speak of?

Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'th' Stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking—— let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let it draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
That Sir which serves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in a storm:
And I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'th' Stocks, fool.

SCENE IX. *Enter* Lear *and* Glo'ster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,

* A quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.

The

The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better answer———
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!——
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,
I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, man?
Glo. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.
Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!——
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke that——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our selves,
When nature being oppress't commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more heady will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man—Death on my state! but wherefore
Should he sit here? this act persuadeth me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:
Now presently——bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, sleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*
Lear. O me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when he put them i' th' Pasty alive; he rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd down, wantons, down; 'Twas *his* brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

SCENE X.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both!

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.

Lear. Regan, I think you are, I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan,*
Thy ſiſter's naught: oh *Regan,* ſhe has tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here;
[*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality——oh *Regan!*——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcan her duty.

Lear. How is that?——

Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If perchance
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!

Reg. O, Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you your ſelf: therefore I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becometh us:
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old; [The King kneeling.
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, *Regan:*

She

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me, ſtruck me with her tongue
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful head! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!

Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride!

Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courteſie, and dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſie-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight!

Corn. What means your Grace?

SCENE XI. *Enter* Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my ſervant? *Regan*, I've good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens!
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Hallow obedience, if your ſelves are old,

Make

Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part!
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? how came my man i' th' Stocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd no leſs advancement.
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being 'wake, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
To wage againſt the enmity o' th' air,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch——Return with her?
Why! the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot;——Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel:
We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another;
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.

Mend

Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient, I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not all together,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,
We could controll them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all——
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd
When others are more wicked. Not being worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee, [*To* Gon.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou haſt twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? ten? or five?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What needs one?

Lear.

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts'. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger;
O let not womens weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall—I will do ſuch things,—
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. Though I have full cauſe of weeping;
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ſter, Kent, *and Fool.*

SCENE XII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and Tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is ſmall, the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame, he'ath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Glo'ſter?*

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;—he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horſe: but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.

Gon.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruſſle; for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.
Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure
Muſt be their ſchool-maſters; ſhut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſp'rate train,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ears abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o'th' ſtorm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Heath.*

A ſtorm is heard with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

Kent. WHO's there beſides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt
Kent. I know you: where's the King? [unquietly.
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.
This night, in which the cub-drawn bear * would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd

* By *cub-drawn bear* muſt be underſtood the *ſhe-bear drawn dry by the ſucking of her cubs*, and thence moſt ravenous and greedy of prey.

With

With mutual craft) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*: *
And true it is from *France* there comes a pow'r
Into this ſhatter'd kingdom, who already
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner——Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and madding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you ſhall) ſhew her that Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (for which you take
That way, I this:) he that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes ſpout

* ----'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars
Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs,
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings----

Gent. I will talk. 'Till

'Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world,
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubmiſſion. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;—here I ſtand your ſlave,
A poor, imfirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The cod-piece that will houſe, before the head has any:
The head and he ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many:
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

SCENE III. *To them, Enter* Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,

Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of juſtice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,
That art inceſtuous! caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practis'd on man's life! Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace!——I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one ſtring in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has and a little tiny wit,*
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy or e'er I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter,

When

When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches suitors;
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
When every case in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then shall the realm of *Albion*
Come unto great confusion.
This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *An apartment in* Glo'ster's *Castle.*

Enter Glo'ster *and* Bastard.

Glo. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charg'd me on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Bast. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King, I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threatned me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Bast. This courtesie forbid thee shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Part of the Heath with a Hovel.*
Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter;
The tyranny of th' open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more—in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?—pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all—
O, that way madneſs lyes, let me ſhun that,
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in;
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty—
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep— [*Ex. Fool.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: take phyſick, pomp!
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,

And

And ſhew the heav'ns more juſt.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor *Tom!*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit, help me, help me. [*The fool runs out from the Hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, he ſays his name's poor *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? come forth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a Madman.*

Edg. Away, the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirl-pool, o'er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pue; ſet ratſbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe, over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor,—bleſs thy five wits, *Tom*'s a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de,—bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking; do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this paſs? Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters,

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy word juſtly, ſwear not, commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept on the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seſſey:* let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old letcher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildew

dews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

St. Withold *footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

Kent. How fares your Grace?

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ster *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the todpole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and impri-son'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and such small geer
Have been Tom's *food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkness is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food are ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher;
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban:*
What

What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us aſk you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him to go, my Lord,
His wits begin t' unſettle.

Glo. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death: ah, that good *Kent!*
He ſaid it would be thus; poor baniſh'd man!
Thou ſay'ſt the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almoſt mad my ſelf; I had a ſon,
Now out-law'd from my blood, he ſought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. * Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a *Britiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall *and* Baſtard.

Corn. I will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How now, my Lord, I may be cenſur'd, that na-

* The fables of ſuch a turn as that from which theſe lines are quoted being generally taken from books of *Spaniſh* Chivalry, it is probable the word ſtood there *Infante Orlando* for which the tranſlator ignorantly put *Child Rowland*: whereas *Infante* meant a Prince, one of the King's ſons.

ture

nature thus gives way to loyalty; something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoked spirit set a-work by a reprovable badness in *him*.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! this is the letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heav'ns! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Bast. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Glo'ster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. [*Aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. [*Aloud.*

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A Chamber in a Farm-house.*

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ster.

Glo. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the pow'r of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindness!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg.

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait. Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer. [*To the Fool.* Thou sapient Sir, sit here—now, ye she foxes— [*To* Edgar.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Lear. I'll see their tryal, bring me in the evidence. Thou robed man of justice, take thy place, And thou his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side. You are of the commission, Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonneril.*

Fool. Come hither, Mistress, is your name *Gonneril?*

Lear. She can't deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another whose warpt looks proclaim What store her heart is made of. Stop her there. Arms, arms, sword, fire, corruption's in the place: False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. 'Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all, *Tray, Blanch,* and *Sweet-heart*; see, they bark at me—

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; *avaunt,* you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim, Hound or spaniel, brache, or lym; Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail, *Tom* will make him weep and wail: For with throwing thus my head Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled. Do, de, de, de: *Sessey,* come, march to wakes and fairs, And market towns; poor *Tom,* thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan* —— see what breeds

breeds about her heart——Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lye here, and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains: So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend, where is the King my maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhouldſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct. Come, away, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard, *and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter, the army of *France* is landed; ſeek out the traitor *Glo'ſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my Lord of *Glo'ſter.*

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Glo'ſter* hath convey'd him hence. Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,

Hot

Hot queſters after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lord's dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Baſt.

Corn. Edmund, farewel: —— go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ſter*,

[*To the Servants.*

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

SCENE XI.

Enter Glo'ſter *Priſoner, and Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, conſider
You are my Gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful Lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find—

Glo. By the kind Gods *, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glo. Naughty Lady,
Theſe hairs which thou doſt raviſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I'm your hoſt;
With robber's hands, my hoſpitable favour
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

* By the *kind Gods* is not here meant a general title given to all the Gods, but this is intended as a particular appeal to thoſe which were diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *Di hoſpitales*.

Reg.

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick King? Speak.

Glo. I've a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning ———

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*, Sir.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Wast thou not charg'd, at peril ———

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* let him answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stellar fires:
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, good porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[Glo'ster *is held down while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help.——O cruel! O you Gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance ——

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Fight, in the ſcuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?

[*Kills him.*

Serv. Oh, I am ſlain—my Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh— [*Dies.*

Corn. Left it ſee more, prevent it; out, vile gelly!
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs—where's my ſon *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind Gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him.

Reg. Go thruſt him out
At th' gates, and let him ſmell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with* Glo'ſter.

How is't, my Lord? how look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—*Regan*, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be *worſt*,
(The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune)
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the *beſt*;
The *worſt* returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou haſt blown unto the *worſt*,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter

Enter Glo'ster, *led by an old man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to * age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Meanneſs ſecures us, and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. O dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,
I'd ſay I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can ſay I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*

Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Anguiſhing't ſelf and others.—'Bleſs thee, maſter!

* *Yield to* ſignifies no more than *give way to, ſink under*, in oppoſition to the *ſtruggling with, bearing up againſt* the infirmities of age.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow.

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if for my ſake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me,

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, you, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold. I cannot dally further. [*Aſide.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt: [*Aſide.*
'Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. 'Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididen*, Prince of dumbneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Mohu*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glo. Here take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Do'ſt thou know *Dover?*

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou do'ſt bear
With ſomething rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill *and* Bastard.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord. I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster*'s treachery
And of the loyal service of his son;
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To* Edmund.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer; that our wishes
On th' way may prove effects, back, to my brother,
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; [*Gives him a ring.*]
spare speech;
Decline your head, this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Bast. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear *Glo'ster!* [*Exit* Bastard.
Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due,
My fool usurps my body,
Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Goneril!*
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition.
That nature which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in it self;
She that her self will sliver and dis-branch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more, 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother suffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him so benefited?
If that the heav'n do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm the slayer begins his threats:
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and cry'st
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thy self, devil:
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vain fool!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ster.*

Alb. Glo'ster's eyes?

Mes.

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword
To his great master: who thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him; they amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster!*
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Mes. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Glo'ster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Dover.

Enter Kent *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. The King of *France* so suddenly gone back!
Know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareschal of *France,* Monsieur *le Far.*

Kent.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. I, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which moſt rebel-like
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once. Thoſe happy ſmiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt—in brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſts?

Gent. Yes, once or twice ſhe heav'd the name of *Father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters! what? i'th' ſtorm of night?
Let Pity ne'er believe it! there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retir'd, to deal with grief alone.

Kent. The ſtars above us govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. The poor diſtreſſed *Lear* is in town,
Who ſometimes in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him: his unkindneſs,
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his *Cordelia*.

Gent.

Gent. Alack poor gentleman!
Kent. Of *Albany*'s and *Cornwall*'s pow'rs you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.
Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Camp.*

Enter Cordelia, *Physician and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry,
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phys. There are means, Madam:
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam:
The *British* pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about:
Therefore great *France* my important tears hath pitied,
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,

But

But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Regan's *Palace.*

Enter Regan *and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado.
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ster*'s eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life: moreover, to descry
The strength o'th' enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund?* might not you
Transport her purposes by word of mouth?
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her husband,
I'm sure of that; and at her late being here
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund.* I know you're of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore I do advise you take this note.
My Lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your Lady's: you may gather more:

If

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your Miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Country near* Dover.

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edgar *as a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No truly, not.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better ſpoken. [fearful

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place—ſtand ſtill. How
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and ch ughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſher-men that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you're now within a foot

Of

Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would not I leap outright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Here, friend, 's another purſe, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir! [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well! [*He leaps and falls along.*
Edg. Good Sir, farewel!
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life it ſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been paſt.—Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, Sir! friend! hear you, Sir? ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been ought but Goſs'mer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten maſts attacht make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky borne!
Look up a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.

Is

Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit
To end it ſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo—how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged ſea:
It was ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt Gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.
Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay
The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

SCENE VII. *Enter* Lear, *dreſt madly with flowers.*

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe would ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himſelf.
Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-mony. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace, this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, barb! i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Paſs.
Glo. I know that voice.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor mony in your purse? your eyes are in heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond Justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the thief? thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal bedel, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back,
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whipp'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, I say, none, I'll absolve 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark——

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with Felt; I'll put't in proof;

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* hah, *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said—Ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing, 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster*'s bastard-son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the soyled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are centaurs, though women all above; but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; [*Aside.*
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo.

And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE VIII. *Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter—

Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all my ſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg.

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who by the art of knowing and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot!

SCENE IX. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! this is moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember; the ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: an 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'ſt about me
To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter:* ſeek him out
On th' *Engliſh* party. Oh untimely death,—— [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.

Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see——
By your leave, gentle wax——and manners blame us not:
To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts,
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate Servant, Gonerill.

Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's will! *
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murth'rous letchers: and in mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum,
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *A Chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Physician.*

Cor. O thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? life will be too short,

* Meaning, that the variations in it are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.

And

And ev'ry measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.
Cor. Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known shortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it so,
My Lord.—How does the King? [*To the Physician.*
Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused nature,
Th' untun'd and jarring senses O wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Phys. Please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' sway of your own will: is he array'd?
Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by Servants.*
Phys. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! Restauration hang
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear Princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, should
Have stood that night against my fire: and wast
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine
And rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw?
Alack, 'tis wonder that thy life and wits,

At

At once, had not concluded all. He wakes,
Speak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you ſpeak, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, when did you die?
Cor. Stil, ſtill, far wide——
Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm much abus'd; I ſhould ev'n die with pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what;
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O look on me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward, and to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia.*
Cor. And ſo I am; I am——
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray you, weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it;
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have none.
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent.

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage
You see is cur'd: desire him to go in.
And trouble him no more 'till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive,
I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

Enter Bastard, Regan, *Gentlemen and Soldiers.*

Bast. KNow of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought,
To change the course? he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.
Bast. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.
Reg. Now, sweet Lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Bast. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?
Bast. No, by mine honour.
Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Bast. Fear not; she and the Duke her husband——

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as *France* invades our land,
Not holds to th' King, with others, whom I fear
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon.

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are nor the queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th' Ancients of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. It is moſt convenient, pray go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Aſide.*] [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Manet Albany. *Enter* Edgar *diſguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you:——ſpeak.
Edg. Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonerill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,

Her

Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battel; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battel done, and they within our power,
They shall ne'er see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Field.*

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and Soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Gloster.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarum and retreat within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again; men must endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Camp.*

Enter Bastard; Lear *and* Cordelia *as prisoners*; *Soldiers, Captain.*

Bast. Some officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We're not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down,
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i'th' cage:

When

When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins: who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The goujeres ſhall devour them fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Exe.* Lear *and* Cordelia, *guarded.*

Baſt. Come thou hither, captain, hark. [*Whiſpering.*
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a ſword; my great imployment
Will not bear queſtion; either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
I do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Baſt. I thought fit

To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide,
And turn our own impreſt launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen,
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where we ſhall hold our ſeſſion.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our pow'rs,
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediate may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, they all are thine:
Witneſs the world that I create thee here
My Lord and maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good will.

Baſt. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.

[*To the* Baſt. *They offer to go out.*

Alb. Stay: hear my reaſon: *Edmund,* I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon, and in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent; for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her huſband contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An enterlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ſter,* let the trumpet ſound:
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick ——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*

Baſt. There's my exchange; what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (whom not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!
Truſt to thy ſingle virtues; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. My ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit* Regan.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.* 1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers him within.*

Enter

Enter Edgar *armed.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you ?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons ?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt,
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit ;
Yet am I noble as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adverſary ?

Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter* ?

Baſt. Himſelf; what ſay'ſt thou to him ?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine :
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spight of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor ;
Falſe to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou no,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

Baſt. In wiſdom I ſhould aſk thy name ;
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay * of breeding breathes,
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn :
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'er-whelm thy heart,
To which, (for they yet glance by, ſcarcely bruiſing)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,

* *'Say* for *Eſſay*, ſome ſhew or probability.

Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.

[*Alarum. Fight.* Baſtard *falls.*

Gon. Save him, O ſave him; this is practice, *Glo'ſter*:
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou
This paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I do know. [*Exit* Gon.

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.

SCENE VIII.

Baſt. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange our charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague and puniſh us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true.
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gate did propheſie [*To* Edgar.
A royal nobleneſs; I muſt embrace thee:
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?

Edg.

Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt!
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a madman's rags, t' aſſume a ſemblance
The very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair,
Never (O fault) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good; but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

SCENE IX. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks, it came even from the heart
Of ——— O! ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak, man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd! ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent.*

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regan's *bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. —— O! is this He?
The time will not allow the compliment [*To* Kent.
Which very manners urge.

Kent. Sir, I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
See'st thou this object, *Kent?* [*Pointing to the dead bodies.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew her self.

Alb. Even so; cover their faces.

Bast. I pant for Life; some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and *Cordelia:*
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run, make haste.

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the captain ———

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Ex. Messenger.*

Bast. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
[Bastard *is born off.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lear *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O, you are men of stone,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack; she's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;

She's

She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away ——

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha! ——
What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' best. I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not *Kent?*

Kent. The same; your servant *Kent;*
Where is your servant *Caius?*

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'd strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man, ——

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You're welcome hither.

Kent. 'Twas no man else: all cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Edmund is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle.
You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights, [*To* Edg.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings.

Lear. O ſee, ſee ——
And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life,
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never, ——
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips.
Look there, look there —— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints; my Lord!——

Kent. Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break.

Edg. Look up, my Lord!

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: oh, let him paſs! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain,
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay no.

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath born moſt; we that are young
Shall never ſee ſo much, live e'er ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF KING *JOHN.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING JOHN.
Prince HENRY, *Son to the King.*
ARTHUR, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
PEMBROKE,
ESSEX,
SALISBURY,
BIGOT, } Engliſh *Lords.*
HUBERT, *an* Engliſh *Gentleman.*
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt; afterwards knighted by the name of Sir* Richard Plantagenet.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
PETER *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of* France.
LEWIS, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
PANDULPHO, *the Pope's Legate.*
MELUN, *a* French *Lord.*
CHATILION, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

ELINOR, *Queen-Mother of* England.
CONSTANCE, *Mother to* Arthur.
BLANCH, *Daughter to* Alphonſo, *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The Scene *ſometimes in* England, *and ſometimes in* France.

THE

*THE LIFE and DEATH OF KING *JOHN*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Saliſbury, *with* Chatilion.

K. *John.* NOW ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

K. *John.* Silence, good mother, hear the embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffrey*'s Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories:

* The *troubleſome reign of K. John* was written in two parts by *W. Shakeſpear* and *W. Rowley*, and printed 1611. But the preſent Play is entirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it.

To

To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal Sovereign.

K. *John*. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. *John*. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embassie.

K. *John*. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion*.

[*Ex*. Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
'Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. *John*. Our strong possession and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I shall hear.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard; shall I produce the men?

K. *John*. Let them approach.
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expedition's charge —— What men are you?

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge *and the* Baſtard.

Baſt. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

K. *John.* What art thou?

Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge*.

K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then it ſeems?

Baſt. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I think one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man, thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Baſt. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!

K. *John.* A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Baſt. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge your ſelf.
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. *John.* Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon

In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* ſirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Baſt. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much—

Baſt. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my mother's ſon was none of his;
An if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who as you ſay took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth he might; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,

My

My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.
Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?
Baſt. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Say, hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed ſon of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?
Baſt. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert*'s, his, like him,
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe, *
Leſt men ſhould ſay, look where three farthings goes;
And with his ſhape were heir to all this land;
Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be † Sir *Nobbe* in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Baſt. Our country manners give our betters way.
K. *John.* What is thy name?
Baſt. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. *John.* From henceforth bear his name whoſe form thou bear'ſt:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand,

* Alluding to the three-farthing pieces current in Queen *Elizabeth*'s time which had a *roſe* on the reverſe: and being of ſilver they muſt be ſuppoſed to be very thin.

† Sir *Nobbe*, a nickname, in contempt, of Sir *Robert*.

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!
Eli. The very ſpirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho'?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch:
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam, and come, *Richard*; we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.
Baſt. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!
For thou was got i'th'way of honeſty. [*Ex. all but* Baſt.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many, many a foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*,—Godamercy, fellow,
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new-made honour doth forget mens names:
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my Worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My picked man of countries,—my dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you,—that is Queſtion now,
And then comes Anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:—
No, Sir, ſays Queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,—
And ſo ere Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
Serving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the *Alps* and *Appenines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*,

It

It draws towards ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation,
(And ſo am I whether I ſmack or no)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion too deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon * for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother; now, good Lady,
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s ſon that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rent boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon, why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon, and ſo art thou.

Baſt. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip*.

Baſt. Philip! ſpare me, *James*.
There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon.
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well: marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work, therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?

* Meaning, *Flattery*.

Sir *Robert* never help'd to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Baſt. Knight, Knight, good mother—*Baſiliſco*-like.*—
Why, I am dub'd, I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge?*
Baſt. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Againſt whoſe fury and unmatched force
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He that per force robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him nay, it had been ſin;
Who ſays it was, he lies; I ſay 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

* Alluding to a part in a Play known at that time, call'd *Suliman* and *Perſeda*.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, before the walls of Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Arch-Duke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

Lewis. BEfore *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria.*
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, *Engliſh John.*
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war,
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
'Till *Angiers* and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale that white-fac'd ſhore
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n 'till that outmoſt corner of the weſt
Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
'Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords

In

In such a just and charitable war.

K. *Philip.* Well then, to work; our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens* blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassie,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood,
My Lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, Lady! lo, upon thy wish
Our messenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion*, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife.
With her her neice, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

The

The interruption of their churlish drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.
To parly or to fight therefore prepare.

K. *Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE II. *Enter King of* England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John.* Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our just and lin al entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n!
Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip.* Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love, and for that *England*'s sake
With burthen of our armour here we sweat;
This toil of ours should be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; *England* was *Geffrey*'s right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-mastereſt?

K. *John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, *France*,
To draw my answer to thy articles?

K. *Philip.* From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In

In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it. *

Lewis. King *John*, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:

* ---- I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John.* Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Philip.* Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't that thou doſt call uſurper, *France?*

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul I think
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.

Baſt. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Baſt. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't, i' faith I will, i' faith.

Blanch. O well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great *Alcides* ſhews upon an Aſs;
But, Aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall do ſtraight.

Lewis. Women and fools, break off your conference.

Wilt

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. *John*. My life as soon. I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Bretagne*, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Then e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win. †

† ---- of *France* can win;
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child,
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a fig,
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you whe'r she does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n shall take in nature of a fee:
With these sad chrystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child,
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. *John*. Bedlam, have done.
Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her sin; his injury
Her injury, the bedel to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will; a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will.

K. *Philip*.

K. *Philip.* Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France* for *England.*

K. *John.* *England* for it ſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving ſubjects——

K. *Philip.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——

K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking * gates;
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchſafe a parle;
And now inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking feaver in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,

K. *Philip.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate;
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry *Amen*
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.

* *Winking*, a metaphor for *half-open.*

To

To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let in us your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſweet ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. *Philip.* When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owns it, namely this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, have all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder * of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Though all theſe *Engliſh*, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

* Or *circle.*

K. *John*. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
K. *John*. Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——
Baſt. (Baſtards, and elſe.)
K. *John*. To verifie our title with their lives.
K. *Philip*. As many, and as well born bloods as thoſe——
Baſt. (Some baſtards too.)
K. *Philip*. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. 'Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. *John*. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!
K. *Philip*. *Amen, Amen!* Mount, chevaliers, to arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence! Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, Sirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an Ox-head to your Lion's hide, *
And make a monſter of you. [*To* Auſtria.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble, for you hear the Lion roar.
K. *John*. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. *Philip*. It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.

Here, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made

* The Arch-Duke wore a Lion's hide which had belong'd to King *Richard Cœur-de-lion*.

Much

Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh *Herald with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with *Frenchmens* blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any *Engliſh* creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of *France*.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And like a jolly troop of huntſmen come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands,
Stain'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V. *Enter the two Kings with their Powers at ſeveral Doors.*

K. *John.* *France*, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep

A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. *Philip.* *England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-born arms,
We'll put thee down 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Baſt. Ha! Majeſty; how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. *Philip.* Speak, citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here,
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than ye denies all this;
And 'till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates. *

Baſt. By heav'n, theſe ſcroyels of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death.
Your royal preſences, be rul'd by me;

* ---- in our ſtrong-barr'd gates:
Kings of our fear, until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Baſt. By heav'n, &c.

Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their ſoul-ſcaring clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even 'till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion,
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?

K. *John.* Now by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after, fight who ſhall be King of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon our ſelves for heav'n or hell.

K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. *

* .....bullets on this town.
Baſt O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come away, away.
Cit. Hearus, great Kings, *&c.*

Cit. Hear us, great Kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroak or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John.* Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat, oh! say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lyes in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion, no not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay, That

That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmeak and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds, I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our neice a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of *France*:
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition,
Leſt zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions pity and remorſe
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Ct. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town? [firſt

K. *Philip.* Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forward
To ſpeak unto this city: what ſay you?

K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
(Except this city now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Philip.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the Lady's face.

Lewis.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle, *
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
'Till now inſixed I behold my ſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Baſt. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frown ng wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be
In ſuch a love ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like.
That any thing, he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love,
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate. [neice?

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom will vouchſafe to ſay. [Lady?

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin,* can you love this

Lewis. Nay, aſk me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly,

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,* and *Anjou,* theſe five provinces,
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France,* if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

* -----miracle.
The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow;
I do proteſt -----

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* It likes us well: young Princes, close your hands. *

Now, citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s chappel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. *Philip.* And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow Lady? in her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we will stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. [*Exeunt all but* Bast.

SCENE VI.

Bast. Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!
John to stop *Arthur*'s title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

* ------close your hands.
Aust. And your lips too, for I am well assur'd
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.
K. *Philip.* Now, citizens, &c.

That

That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who, as they have no external thing to loſe
But the word *maids*, cheats the poor maids of that,
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity;
Commodity, the biaſs of the world:
The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet,
Nor that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well! while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain, be my Lord! for I will worſhip thee. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur *and* Saliſbury.

Conſt. GOne to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
False blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,

It

It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I think I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick and capable of fears,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A woman, naturally born to fears.
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them falſe
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight. *

Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,

* -----I cannot brook thy ſight,
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, &c.

Pack'd

Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrow to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and ſorrow ſit;
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[*Sits down on the Floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, *the Baſtard, and* Auſtria.

K. *Philip.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.

Conſt.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy-day, [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high-tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
Except this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Philip.* By heaven, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which touch'd and try'd
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cool'd in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings!
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy:
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety; thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide,
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a Lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Baſt. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Baſt. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Methinks that *Richard*'s pride and *Richard*'s fall
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Baſt. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in my ears,
Delay not, Richard, *kill the villain ſtrait,*
Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages!
Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

SCENE III. *Enter* Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the church our holy mother
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foreſaid holy father's name
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthly name to interrogatories
Can tax the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name

So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under it, that great ſupremacy
Where we do reign we will alone uphold,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. *Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John.* Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This jugling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be
That I have leave with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;

Therefore since law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,
And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that *France* repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. *John. Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Const. Lewis, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new and trimmed bride. *

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self;
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

* ----- a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith:
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him; and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calve's skin, most sweet lout.

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, &c.

And

And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incensed Kings.
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heav'n,
Make such unconstant children of our selves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to *England*'s love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,
A mother's curse on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafed Lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. *Philip.* I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd,

That is, to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thy ſelf,
And may not be performed by thy ſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is moſt amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By that thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt;
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth
Againſt an oath, that truth thou art untrue
To ſwear: ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear!
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear,
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf rebellion to thy ſelf:
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But in deſpair die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Baſt. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me: ay, alack, how new

Is

Is husband in my mouth! ev'n for that name
Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. O, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!

Lewis. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. *Philip.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

K. *John.* *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'er-cast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lyes.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. *John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together.

[*Exit* Bast.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of *France*.

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip*. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire: [turn
Look on thy self, thou art in jeopardy.
K. *John*. No more than he that threats. To arms let's
hie. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarms, Excursions: Enter Bastard *with* Austria's *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot,
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. *Austria*'s head lye there.
Thus hath King *Richard*'s son perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Austria*'s blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John*. There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. —— Cousin,
My mother is assailed in our tent, [make up;
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My Lord, I rescu'd her:
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege, for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.

Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor,
Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John*. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
[*To* Elinor.
So strongly guarded: cousin, look not sad, [*To* Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. *John*. Cousin, away for *England*, haste before,
[*To the* Bast.
And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their imprison'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry maw be fed upon.
Use our commission in its utmost force.
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness: grandam, I will pray,

(I

(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle couſin!
K. *John.* Coz. farewel! [*Exit.* Baſt.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman, —— hark a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. *John.* [*To* Hubert *on the other ſide.*]
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor.
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay ——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet;
But thou ſhalt have —— and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do the good.
I had a thing to ſay —— but let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gaudes
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound One unto the drowſie race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot Laughter keep mens eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not —— yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread.
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. *John.* A Grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: —— Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My Bleſſing go with thee!

K. *John.* For *England*, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t' attend on you
With all true duty; on toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The* French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants.*

K. *Philip.* So by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.

K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſ'ner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpight of *France*?

Lewis.

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temp'rate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here? a Grave unto a soul,
Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will
In the vile prison of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now; now see the issue of your peace.

K. *Philip.* Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle *Constance.*

Const. No, I defie all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death; death, oh amiable, lovely death!
Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy bones detestable;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,
And ring these fingers with thy household worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,
And be a carrion monster like thy self;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife; thou Love of Misery!
O come to me!

K. *Philip.* O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rouze from sleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a Lady's noble voice,
And scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Constance,* I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost!

I am not mad, I would to heav'n I were,
For then, 'tis like I should forget my self.
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! *
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity. †
Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,

* ----- should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And, Cardinal, thou shalt be canoniz'd;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; *&c.*

† ----- of each calamity.
K. *Philip.* Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiery friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To *England*, if you will.
K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
Oh father Cardinal, *&c.*

Wh

When I shall meet him in the Court of heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*
K. *Philip.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.
A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure, most of all shew evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *England*'s throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſcepter ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand then, *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot but be ſo.
Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.
Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
No ſhape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.
Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,

Ev'

Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd? The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Ev'n as a little snow tumbled about
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England. *A Prison*.

Enter Hubert *and Executioners*.

Hub. HEAT me these irons hot, and look you stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch!

Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert*.

Hub. Morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I.

Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my Chriſtendom,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert*.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to-day;
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur*— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous nature out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,

And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, and never ſhall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out. *

Arth. Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert*'s.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may

* ----- muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of it ſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Ev'n in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould, &c.

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your ſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue. *

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*,
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. †

Arth. All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only You do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,

* ----- hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold, *&c.*

† ---- I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you, *&c.*

Wit

With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu!
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Court of* England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* Here once again we sit, crown'd once again,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,

For

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness; *
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. *John.* Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possest you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound † the purposes of all their hearts,
(Both for my self and them; but chief of all
Your safety; for the which, my self and they
Bend their best studies;) heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent
To break into this dan'grous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ign'rance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,

* *That is*, coveting to reach a higher excellence

† *To* sound forth, *or to* declare.

Than

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John*. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you;

[*The King goes aside with* Hubert.

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels sent:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. *John*. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. *John*. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grosly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewel!

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter Meſſenger.*

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others death— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood [*To the Meſ.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*

Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John.* Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France,*
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April* dy'd
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented Peers. My mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France!*
Under whoſe conduct come thoſe powers of *France,*
That thou for truth giv'ſt out are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin*'s.

Enter Baſtard, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Baſt. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.

K. *John.* Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide, but now I breathe again

Aloft

Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.
Baſt. How I have ſped among the clergy-men,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhymes,
That ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.
K. *John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. *John.* *Hubert*, away with him; impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.—O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Baſt. The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it;
Beſides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Saliſbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of *Arthur*, who they ſay is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.
K. *John.* Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelf into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeek them out.
K. *John.* Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion,
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Baſt.

Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* My mother dead!

SCENE IV. *Enter* Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. *John.* Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on th'anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.

K. *John.* Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John.* It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And on the winking of authority
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning

Of dang'rous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. *John.* Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n and earth,
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! for hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord——
K. *John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign,
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,

Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rer's thought.
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form,
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of a guiltleſs child.

K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haſte:
I conjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Street before a Priſon.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones! [*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondſbury*;
It is our ſafety, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,
* Whoſe Private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more than theſe gen'ral lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

* *i.e.* Whoſe private account of the *Dauphin*'s affection to our cauſe is much more ample than the letters.

Sal.

Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd Lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.

Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin beſtained cloke
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.

Baſt. What e'er you think, good words I think were beſt.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.

Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.

Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lyes here?

[*Seeing* Arthur.

Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the glaive,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroak,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.

Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of Time;
And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,

Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
'Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.
Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. O, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his ſword.*
Baſt. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not 'till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord *Saliſbury*, ſtand back, I ſay,
By heav'n I think my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget your ſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghil, dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.

Pemb.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Baſt. Keep the peace, I ſay.

Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*

Baſt. Thou wer't better gaul the devil, *Saliſbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.

Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

Pemb. There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Baſt. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert.*

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Baſt. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black——nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul——

Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair;

And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam,
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thy ſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Baſt. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Are fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. *John.* THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the Crown.*

Pand.

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and love of soul
To stranger-blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation of distemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present med'cine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this *Ascension-day* remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Is this *Ascension-day?* did not the prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
My crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle*: *London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,

By

By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.
Bast. So on my soul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye;
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the God of war
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What? shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. *John.* The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*
Bast. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we upon the footing of our land
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parly, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd, silken Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Dauphin's *Camp, at St.* Edmundſbury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord *Melun,* let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the preſident to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin,* albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal th' invet'rate canker of one wound
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cry out upon the name of *Saliſbury.*
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger-march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy ſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!

Where

Where these two christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not mis-spend it so un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compassion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a Lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
That had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
And with a great heart heave away this storm.
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant world enrag'd:
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

He sees Pandulph *coming at a distance.*

And even there methinks an angel speeds;
Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

SCENE III. *Enter* Pandulph.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and See of *Rome*.
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,

And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chastis'd kingdom and my self,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with my int'rest in this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:
And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* born,
What men provided? what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easie match, play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
'Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,

And

And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death. [*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

SCENE IV. *Enter* Bastard.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:
My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well: Now hear our *English* King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength ev'n at your door
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable-planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To herd with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *English* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No; know the gallant Monarch is in arms,
And, like an Eagle o'er his Aiery, tow'rs,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolters,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb

Of your dear mother *England*, blush for shame.
For your own Ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst out-scold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten; do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike *John:* and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French.*

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. *John.* This feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,

And send him word by me which way you go.
K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead*; to the Abby there.
Mess. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin*-sands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.
K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinstead*; to my litter strait,
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That mis-begotten devil *Faulconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They say, King *John* sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun*.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?

Wh

What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if *Lewis* win the day,
He is forſworn if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the Eaſt:
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
For that my grandſire was an *Engliſhman*,
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation and devout deſires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And like a 'bated and retiring flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Pight in thine eyes. Away, my friends, and fly!

[*Exeunt, leading* Melun.

SCENE VII. *The* French *Camp*.

Enter Lewis *and his Train.*

Lewis. The ſun of heav'n methought was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,

When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin?*

Lewis. Here, what news?

Meſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* Lords
By his perſwaſion are at length fall'n off,
And your ſupply which you have wiſh'd ſo long
Are caſt away and ſunk on *Goodwin*-ſands.

Lewis. Ah foul ſhrewd news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
Kinſt *John* did fly an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?

Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day ſhall not be up ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A place near* Swinſtead *Abby.*

Enter Baſtard *and* Hubert *ſeverally.*

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.

Baſt. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England.*

Baſt. And whither doſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baſt. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Baſt. Who thou wilt; and if thou pleaſe
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeleſs night

Have

Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from my tongue
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Baſt. Come, come; *ſans complement*, what news abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Baſt. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monk, I tell you, a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks, and peradventure may recover.
Baſt. Whom didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide,
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
My ſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcap'd.
Away before: conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to the Orchard at* Swinſtead *Abby.*

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Bigot.

Henry. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe,
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.

Henry. Oh vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them inſenſible; his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which, in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:
I am the Cygnet to this pale, faint Swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born
To ſet a form upon that Indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. *John.* Poiſon'd, ill fare! oh! dead, forſook, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I aſk not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait

And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.
Henry. Oh that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!
K. *John.* The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poiſon
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X. *Enter* Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Oh couſin thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhou'd ſail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.
Baſt. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my Lord! — but now a King — now thus.
Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop. *
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powers? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;

* ---- and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? ---

The

The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
Henry. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.
Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
Thus *England* never did, and never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self do rest but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF *RICHARD* II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD *the Second.*
Duke of YORK,
JOHN *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
BOLINGBROKE, *Earl of* Hereford, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of* York.
MOWBRAY, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of SALISBURY.
Earl BARKLEY.
BUSHY,
BAGOT, } *Servants to King* Richard.
GREEN,
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
PERCY, *Son to* Northumberland,
ROSS, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
WILLOUGHBY,
Biſhop of CARLISLE,
Sir STEPHEN SCROOP, } *Friends to King* Richard.
FITZWATER,
SURREY,
Abbot of WESTMINSTER, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir PIERCE *of* Exton, *one of* Bolingbroke's *Creatures.*
A Captain of a band of Welſhmen.

QUEEN *to King* Richard.
Dutcheſs of GLOUCESTER.
Dutcheſs of YORK.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

THE

THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF King RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

K. *Rich.* OLD *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaster*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak:
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.

SCENE II. *Enter* Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day still better others happiness;
Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come for;
Namely t' appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Boling. First, (Heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other mis-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely presence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant. *

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush't, and nought at all to say.

* ... a miscreant.
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly;
Once more the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
And wish, so please my Sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.
Mowb. Let not, &c. First

Firſt the fair rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
Let him but be no kinſman to my Liege,
And I defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground unhabitable,
Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except;)
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, as what thou haſt deviſed.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. *Rich.* What doth our couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge

That ever was survey'd by *English* eye;
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain,
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester*'s death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his inn'cent soul through streams of blood;
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel*'s, cries
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. *Rich.* *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son;
Now by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburst I to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my sovereign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.
Now swallow down that lie. For *Gloucester*'s death,
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove my ſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our tryal-day.

K. *Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood: *
Good uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. *Rich. Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave,
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear;

* ---- without letting blood:
This we preſcribe though no phyſician,
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, &c.

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. *Rich.* Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. *Rich.* Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale haggard fear impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Duke of* Lancaſter's *palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood *
Doth more ſollicit me than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardiſe in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter*'s death.

* *Meaning* the relation he had to it.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then I will; farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel!
Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s spear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be *Mowbray*'s sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt*, thy * sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel; I must to *Coventry*.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund York*,
Lo, this is all—nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
I shall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek our sorrow that dwells every where;
All desolate will I from hence and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

* Sometime, *for* formerly.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Lists, at* Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightful all and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles; when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms Defendant, with an Herald.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art:
[*To* Mowbray.
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heav'n forbid a knight should violate,)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the Grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke *Appellant, in armour, with an Herald.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before

Before King *Richard*, in his royal lists? [*To* Boling.
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heav'ns Grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewel of our several friends.

Mar. Th'Appellant in all duty greets your Highness, [*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. *Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewel, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s spear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Cousin, Lord *Aumerle*. *
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood. [*To* Gaunt.

* ---- Lord *Aumerle*:
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
Oh thou ---- Whose

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steal my lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of *John* o' *Gaunt*,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled on,
Fall like amazing thunder on the cask
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live!

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battel with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. *Rich*. Farewel, my Lord, securely I espy
Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Receive thy lance, and heav'n defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen!*

Mar. Go bear this lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*.

1 *Her*. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A Charge ſounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets, and ſet forward, combatants.
——But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh, after which the King ſpeaks to the Dukes.*

Draw near——
And liſt what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours ſwords;
And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep,
But thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines be affrighted,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories.
You, couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
'Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That ſon that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams to you here lent,

Shall

Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
K. *Rich. Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.
Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony. *
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.
K. *Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, ſo help you truth, and heav'n,
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment,

* ---- the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my goaler to attend on me.
I am too old----

Nor

Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.
Boling. I ſwear.
Mowb. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:——
[*In ſalutation.*
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.
Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray;
Save back to *England* all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

K. *Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart; thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.
Boling. How long a time lyes in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby:
For ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;

My

My inch of taper will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. *Rich.* Why, uncle? thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. *Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sow'r:
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
K. *Rich.* Cousin, farewel! and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flourish.*] [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. Cousin, farewel! what presence must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The fullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home return.
All places that the eye of heaven viſits
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure or a dance.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Boling. Then, *England*'s ground, farewel! ſweet ſoil, adieu!
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Court.*

Enter King Richard, Bagot *and* Green *at one door, and the Lord* Aumerle *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* We did indeed obſerve—Couſin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him ſo,

But

But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. *Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north east wind
(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awak'd the sleepy rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. *Rich.* What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel!
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, That taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of *farewels*;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. *Rich.* He is our kinsman, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Bushy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie!
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With *thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts!
Now for the rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. *Rich.* We will our self in person to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court

And liberal largeſs are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich.* What news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe.*

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately?
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n we may make haſte, and come too late! [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

ELY-HOUSE.

Enter Gaunt *ſick, with the Duke of* York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not your ſelf, and ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain, *

* ----their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe
More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick in the cloſe.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his ſtate; there are beſide
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon it ſelf.
This royal throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradiſe*,
This fortreſs built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happy lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal Kings.

As the laſt taſte of ſweets is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. His ear - - - -
* - - - with wits regard.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.
Gaunt. Methinks I am - - -

Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary*'s son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

SCENE II. *Enter King* Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being 'rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle *Lancaster*?

K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt*?*

* -----with aged *Gaunt*?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt;
For sleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. *Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. *Rich.* Thou now a dying say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st, though I the sicker be. K. *Rich.*

Gaunt. Ill in my ſelf, but ſeeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Who art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate o'er law is bondſlave to the law,
And——

K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mong'ſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I ſee thee ill.
Ill in my ſelf ....

That

That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your Majesty, impute
His words to wayward sicklinefs, and age:
He loves you on my life, and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you say true; as *Hereford*'s love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is!

SCENE III. *Enter* Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your [Majesty.

K. *Rich.* What says old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

York. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. *Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars;
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ster*'s death, not *Hereford*'s banishment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sow'r my patient cheek,

Or

Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s ſons,
Of whom thy father Prince of *Wales* was firſt:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,
And not againſt his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between——

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. Oh, my Liege! *
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford*'s rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day,
Be not thy ſelf. For how art thou a King
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general, to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts

* ..... my Liege,
Pardon if you pleaſe; if not,
I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.
Seek you to ſeize, &c.

Which

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. *Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his mony, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while; my Liege, farewel!
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. *Rich.* Go, *Bushy*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,
To see this business done: to-morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow.
And we create, in absence of our self,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen, to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Ross.
North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends what you'd speak, to th'Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore heav'n, it's shame such wrongs are born
In him a royal Prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,

That

That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o' God's name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and dissolution hang o'er him.
Ross. He hath not money for these *Irish* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.
North. His noble kinsman — most degenerate King!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing.
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer,
And unavoidable the danger now,
For suff'ring so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort are.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port *le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, with Sir *John Rainston*,
And Sir *John Norbury*, Sir *Robert Waterton*,

And *Francis Coines*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we will shake off our slavish yoak,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high Majesty look like it self:
Away with me in haste to *Ravenspurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exe.*

SCENE V. *The Court of* England.

Enter Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did; to please my self,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewel to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*: yet again methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,

Finds

Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,
Which look'd on as they are, are nought but shadows
Of what they are not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: how-e'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad.*

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so.†
But what it is not known; 'tis nameless woe.

SCENE VI. *Enter* Green.

Green. Heav'n save your Majesty! and well met, gentlemen: I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is!
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power,
And driv'n into despair an enemy
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself;
And with up-lifted arms is safe arriv'd
At *Ravenspurg*.

Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!

Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,
The Lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,
The Lords of *Ross*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

* .... heavy sad.
As though on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing....

† .... mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot.
Enter Green....

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke*.

Queen. So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE VII. *Enter* York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York*.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks.
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour after ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was; why, ſo; go all which way it will!
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv.

Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland?*
How shall we do for mony for these wars?
Come, sister; (cousin, I would say;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
[*To the Servants.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
If I know how to order these affairs,
Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bid defend; th' other again
My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bid to right.
Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at *Berkley* castle:
I should to *Plashie* too, —
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

SCENE VIII.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those, love not the King.
Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lyes in their purses; and who empties them,

By ſo much fills theis hearts with deadly hate.
Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands gen'rally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.
Green. Well; I'll for refuge ſtrait to *Briſtol* caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.
Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us,
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?
Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: if hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas poor Duke, the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever!
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *In* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire:*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet our fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſwold* will be found
By *Roſs* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company

Than

Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my Son, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my Lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why? is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſperſt
The houſhold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon? he was not ſo reſolv'd,
When we laſt ſpake together.

Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me o'er by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be ſure
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to *Barkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.

Bark. Lord *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeek that name in *England*,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, what Lord you will,
From the moſt glorious of all this land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

SCENE X. *Enter* York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle! [*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *Grace*,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have theſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of *England*'s ground?
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpightful arms?

Com'ſt

Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my ſelf
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand *French*;
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree;
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy Sovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of *England*,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of *Lancaſter*.
You have a ſon, *Aumerle* my noble kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongers, chaſing them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim

To

To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill-left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So farewel!
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause,
For I am loth to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *In* Wales.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,

And

And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we all diſperſe our ſelves: farewel!
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty *Welſhman:*
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other hope t' enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe boding ſigns forerun the death of Kings.
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Sal. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp.*

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

Boling. BRING forth theſe men. ——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,

And

And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, by your foul wrongs.
My ſelf a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
'Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my ſigniories;
Diſ-park'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold-coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.*

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, away,
A while to work; and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Coaſt of* Wales.

Flouriſh: Drums, and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* *Barkloughly-caſtle* call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good Lord, how brooks your Grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofs:

As

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense;
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in his way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double-tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, Lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Carl. Fear not, my Lord, that Pow'r that made you King
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in spight of all.
The means that heav'n yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected: else if heaven would
And we would not, heav'n's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. *Rich.* Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here:
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,

Who

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſet bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heaven ſtill guards the right.

SCENE III. *Enter* Saliſbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lyes your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm; diſcomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair:
One day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
O'er-throws thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your Grace ſo pale?

K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled. *
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. *Rich.* I had forgot my ſelf: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?

* ---- and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls ---

Arm,

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts! I know my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV. *Enter* Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. *Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay?
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Majesty; boys with womens voices
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unwieldly arms against thy crown:
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of doubly-fatal yew *, against thy state:
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.
Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire?*——

* The *Yew* is said to be *doubly fatal*, from a poisonous quality in it, and from affording instruments of death in war.

What is become of *Bushy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke.*

Scroop. Peace they have made with him indeed, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
Three *Judasses,* each one thrice worse than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Bushy, Green,* and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd:
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:
All murther'd.——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps death his Court, and there the Antick sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp; Allowing

Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelf. *

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come——†
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power? ‡

Scroop. I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall

* ---- againſt your ſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain, no worſe can come from fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. *Rich.* Thou---

† ---- I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An eaſie task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*,---

‡ --- his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay:
I play ---

To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlaſtingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away;
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That pow'r I have, diſcharge, and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers; let them away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Bolingbroke's *Camp, near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd, and *Saliſbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeem the Lord *Northumberland*
To ſay King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!

North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief to ſhorten you the head.

Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.

York.

York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe my ſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here? 'tis *Percy*,

Enter Percy.

Well, *Harry*; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it doth contain no King?
Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Saliſbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike it is the Biſhop of *Carliſle*.
Boling. Noble Lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided that my baniſhment repeal'd
And lands reſtor'd again be freely granted;
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſie carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n: *
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a flouriſh. Enter on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, *and* Saliſbury.

York. See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelf appear
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North.
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,

* ---- cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, &c.

And

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond methinks he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon the land
Is dangerous treaſon; he is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war.
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers ſons
Shall miſ-become the flow'ry *England*'s face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſture's graſs with faithful *Engliſh* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt;
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, ſay thus the King returns:
His noble couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die? *Aum.*

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dreadful baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*

K. *Rich.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking-ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obſcure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's highway;
Some way of common tread, where ſubjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head. *
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt, my tender-hearted couſin,
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land,
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. †

* ---- Sovereign's head.
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head;
Aumerle, &c.

† ---- a pair of graves,
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes

Two

Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays ay.

North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. *Rich.* Down, down I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. *

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick man;
Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all apart, and ſhow
Fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord—— [*Kneels.*

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my un-pleas'd eye ſee your courteſie. †

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all!

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. *Rich.* Well you deſerv'd: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes; [*To* York.
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.

Two kinſmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, *&c.*

* ---- of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court, down, King;
For Night owls ſhriek, where mountain Larks ſhould ſing.
Boling. What, *&c.*

† ---- your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Boling. My, *&c.*

Couſin,

Couſin, I am too young to be your father, [*To* Bolingbroke.
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*. Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. *Rich.* Then I muſt not ſay no. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A Garden.*

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat:
And of what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But ſtay, here come the gardiners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees:
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholſome flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm ſtate?
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholſome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, *Buſhy*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
And dreſt his land, as we this garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees,
Leſt being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelf?
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. Oh, I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou *Adam*'s likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? Oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
The ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, Ladies, go,
To meet at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'ſt may never grow.
[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*
Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear, here in this place
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*;

Rue,

Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.
[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *Abbot of* Westminster, *Herald, Officers, and* Bagot.

Boling. CAll *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster*'s death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle,* I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster*'s death was plotted,
I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English *Court*
As far as Calais *to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, you rather had refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding
Withal how blest this land would be in this
Your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords!
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest, *Bagot,*
And I'll maintain, what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.
Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster*'s death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest,
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.
Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.
Fitzw. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'st.
Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,

And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his ſigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For *Jeſu Chriſt*, in glorious chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain *Chriſt*,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, Biſhop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good *Abraham!*—Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
'Till we aſſign you to your days of tryal.

SCENE II. *Enter* York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry* of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak?
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here that is not *Richard*'s ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it,
That in a chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely 'till his day of tryal.
May't pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons ſuit?

Boling.

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love, [*To* Carl.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III. *Enter King* Richard *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a-while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Christ*: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.*
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown. [crown.
K. *Rich.* Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the
Here, on this side my hand, on that side thine. †

* ----in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King! will no man say, *Amen*?
Am I both priest and clark? well then, *Amen*.
God save the King, although I be not he:
And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what service, *&c.*

† ----on that side thine,
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. *Rich.* My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories, and my state depose,
But not my griefs, still am I King of those.

Now, mark me, how I will undo myself;
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd! *
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. *Rich.* Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. *Rich.* I, no; no, I; for I must nothing be:
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now, mark me, &c.

* ---- that hast all atchiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!
God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!
What more, &c.

To

To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My Lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. *Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe; a Sovereign, a ſlave;
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My Lord—

K. *Rich.* No Lord of thine, inſulting man;
Nor no man's Lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack the the heavy day!
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call my ſelf.
Oh, that I were a mockery King of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt my ſelf away in water-drops! *
An if my word be ſterling yet in *England*,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a fate I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. *Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

* ..... in water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
An if my, &c. *Bolin.*

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.
North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.
K. *Rich.* They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.
Enter one with a glass.
Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh flatt'ring glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his household-roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
That like the sun did make beholders wink? †
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. *Rich.* Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha, let's see;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within,
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
There lyes the substance; and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, my fair cousin.
K. *Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers

† ..... beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd so many follies,
That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?
A brittle glory shineth in this face,
As brittle as the glory is the face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow, &c.

Were

Were then but subjects? being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. *Rich.* And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. *Rich.* Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. *Rich.* Whither you will, so I were from your sight.
Bsling. Go some of you, convey him to the *Tower.* *
On *Wednesday* next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare your selves.
[*Exeunt all but Abbot, Bishop of* Carlisle *and* Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise,
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot shall shew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in London. *Enter Queen and Ladies.*

Queen. THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar*'s ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke.*
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

* ---- to the *Tower.*
K *Rich.* Oh, good! convey: conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.
Boling. On *Wednesday, &c.*

Enter

Enter King Richard *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did ſtand, [*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou moſt beauteous Inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt?

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion dying thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts indeed; if ought but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good, * ſometime Queen! prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,

* Sometime, *for* formerly.

Tell

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds. *

SCENE II. *Enter* Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to *France*.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gath'ring head
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head! and there's an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. *Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me: [*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

* ---- to their beds.
For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King,

SCENE ----

Banish

Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy. *

K. *Rich.* Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu! the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter York *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into *London*.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow but ſtately pace kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, *God ſave thee*, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,

* ---- but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. *Rich.* So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here!
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. *Rich.* Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, &c.

Jeſu

Jesu *preserve thee! welcome*, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus; *I thank you, country-men*;
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism it self have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

SCENE IV. *Enter* Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richard*'s friend.
And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my son; who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor do greatly care:
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know, they do.

York. You will be there.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? come, let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it.
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear———
Dutch. What should you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, now against the triumph.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? saddle me my horse.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman!
Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Dutch. Thy life answer!

SCENE V. *Enter Servant with boots.*

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my sight!
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.

Dutch.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind: thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horſe.
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York*.
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to* Windſor-*Caſtle*.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the taverns there:

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions:
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of the triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak!

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [York *within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy King:

Shall

Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII. *Enter* York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, King.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf,
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd.
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho! my Liege! for heav'n's ſake let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voice ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before. *

* ---- begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar, and the King.
My dang'rous Couſin, &c.

Boling. My dang'rous couſin, let your mother in,
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for this forgiveneſs proſper may;
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This let alone will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege! [*Kneels.*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
'Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, 'till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt, ſay afterwards ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now;

Say,

Say, *Pardon*, King, let pity teach thee how *
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traitors are. † [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter* Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he [ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this fear?
Was it not ſo?
Serv. Thoſe were his very words.
Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he; he ſpake it twice,

* ---- teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet
York. Speak it in *French*, King, ſay *Pardonnez moy*,
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon as 'tis currant in our land.
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. Good aunt, *&c.*

† ---- traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear:
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and, couſin, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come, my old ſon, I pray heav'n make thee new.

SCENE, *&c.* And

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *A Priſon at* Pomfret *Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. *Rich.* I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I live unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain ſhall prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is content. The better ſort,
(As thoughts of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly beggars,
Who ſitting in the ſtocks refuge their ſhame,
That many have and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,

Then

Then treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
And ſtraight am nothing —— but what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
With being nothing —— Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times —— O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.
This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this fall-hating world.

SCENE XI. *Enter Groom.*

Groom. Hail, royal Prince! *

* ---- royal Prince
K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how com'ſt, &c.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* What art, how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad drudge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, * ſometime, maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had diſdain'd the ground.

K. *Rich.* So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe,
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE XII. *Enter Keeper with a Diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. *Rich.* Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beat the Keepers.*

Keep. Help, help, help! ——

* *Sometime*, for *formerly*.

Enter

Enter Exton *and Servants.* [fault?

K. *Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude as-
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument;
[*Snatching a Sword from one of the Servants kills him.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtain'd the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high,
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *The Court at* Windſor.

Flouriſh. Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my Lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'ſbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here. [*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The Heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter

Enter Percy *and the Bishop of* Carlisle.

Percy. The grand-conspirator, *Abbot* of *Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lyes
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need;
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

Cleaned & Oiled

March 1989

John Adams Library.

IN THE CUSTODY OF THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

SHELF No.
ADAMS
235.4
V.4